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SECURELY BOUND IN BIZARRE APPARATUS

**ILLUSTRATED WITH 35 NEW
AMATEUR BONDAGE PHOTOS**

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Bonnie looked across her shoulder to her outstretched wrist that was tied so neatly to the ring in the wall. Then, turning, she surveyed the other wrist similarly secured so that she was held by her raised arms fast against the wall of this strange room.

She sighed--she was so tired. Bonnie had lost count of time since Susan had bound her there. But it had been too long and she ached to be free.

Ruefully she remembered the game Susan had playfully suggested. Ruefully she recalled her willing acceptance of what had seemed at the time a typically Susan caprice. She loved Susan so much that she always had her way with her. But this time, Bonnie was real angry!

Fun was fun--but Bonnie must have been tied against this concrete wall for hours. After all, Bonnie was Susan's guardian and responsible for Susan's acts. She had allowed Susan to blindfold her and lead her a long way somewhere through the house, positioning her as she now stood. Chagrined now, she remembered her silent amusement and assurance when she had first felt Susan's fingers busy with the



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cords around her wrists. Bonnie had supposed that this was just another of Susan's cute little notions, so had stood passively as the cords were circled and pulled snug and cinched.

There had never been a doubt in Bonnie's mind then that she would be able to break them or slip them loose at will. As Susan's guardian, Bonnie received a fat fee for handling Susan's money, left her by a doting wealthy father, now deceased, who let Susan do as she pleased. Of course, Bonnie wanted to keep Susan happy.

She remembered, too, the unfamiliar thrill she had felt at the caress of Susan's busy hands, as she made her a prisoner. It was a new sensation to yield her physical being to Susan's will; even though, at the time, Bonnie had been quite confident that she could free herself at will.

When Susan changed Bonnie's bondage after a while to give her guardian a well-needed rest, and removed the gag, Bonnie cried out angrily, "Tell me why you have tied me up and are treating me this way?"

"Because, my precious and lovable guardian, I want to marry the handsome Art King, the auto racer, whom you objected to me marrying



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because you don't wish to lose your fee for handling my father's estate. If he marries me, he will gain control, as I am underage."

"But I'll marry him. However, first I have to teach you a few lessons to make you change your mind about my marrying Art. I want the man I marry to be just the way I like him. You have quite a lot to learn about love, and I love Art."

"Will you always keep your husbands tied to the wall like I am?" asked Bonnie.

"Well, not unless they deserve it," Susan answered. "And you deserve it. You have disgraced me at the last two parties we have been to by drinking too much. And for a long time now, you have argued and argued about where we will spend our vacation. I won't be argued with. I have told you where we are going--to the auto races in the country--and that is final."

"Suppose I won't go," said Bonnie, as she strained to keep her balance with one bound booted foot suspended in mid-air, causing her much discomfort.

"Oh, but you will, darling! Before the







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month is up, you will do anything that I tell you to."

"What month," cried out the startled guardian, as she gazed a trifle fearfully at her captor.

"This one!" Susan said. "You have just started." Bonnie now sensed angrily that Susan was laughing at her.

"Doesn't it begin to add up?" said Susan. "You have just started a month's vacation. Everyone thinks that you and I are away on a tour with no particular destination. No one will be looking for us. The servants here have been given a month's holiday. You and I are quite alone here. I had this room especially prepared for you. I'm going to train you in it. We'll just call it your classroom."

"I'm going to teach you to see things my way and make you obedient to me. I don't even think that I'll need the whole four weeks to make you agree to permit me to marry Art because your permission as my guardian is necessary before a wedding ceremony can be performed." Despite her knowledge of defeat, Bonnie once again wrenched angrily at her bonds.



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Bonnie was hotly conscious of Susan's amused eyes enjoying her struggles. Susan then told her:-

"I may as well tell you the rules, Bonnie. Please listen and try to learn. It will be much better for you if you do. First, I want complete obedience. I know this won't come at first. But it will come -- believe me! Then you are not going to call me Susan any more. I will be your Mistress, and that's what you are going to call me. For the period of your training, you are never going to be free of cords or ropes or straps or chains. You will always wear bondage that will keep you subservient to my wishes."

"How do you expect to manage that?" Bonnie's voice held a note of triumph. "You can't keep me tied like this for a whole month. Directly you let me loose I'm going to lay you across my lap and give you the paddling of your life!"

"But, my poor Bonnie! Don't you understand?" Susan's voice cooed at her. But there was triumph in it, too. "You want to eat, don't you? And you want to sleep, don't you?"



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"After you have stood there long enough," she continued, "or after you have been fastened in any position long enough, you will be only too glad to yield to new bondage just to get free of the old. For instance, now you will let me bind your hands together, and we can have supper, and I'll feed you."

"No!" Bonnie refused not too firmly, a tremor of fear sounding in her usually stern voice. Susan wasted no time. Quickly she fastened another change of bondage on Bonnie and affixed Bonnie to the wall with a short length of rope.

Then she loosened the knots about her wrists and backed away out of Bonnie's reach before she could grab her. Bonnie was now attached to the wall, suspended with her booted feet entirely off the floor. Bonnie turned and glared at her, after Susan had once again affixed a gag in Bonnie's mouth.

Without a word Susan accepted Bonnie's resistance. Nodding a cheerful good-bay, she sauntered out of the room. Once more there was the finality of the bolt shooting home on the other side of the closed door. Then there was silence.



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Time passed. It seemed to the bound and gagged Bonnie that a great deal of time passed. She was still a prisoner. Her present pose, though different, was just as tiring as her last. She was hungry and thirsty.

Much as she resented the knowledge, she knew what she had to do. When her lovely tormentor came again, her eyes asking the unspoken question, Bonnie turned and faced the wall and put her hands meekly behind her.

Again, Bonnie felt Susan's strong little hands. Cold metal circled her wrists and was locked shut. She found her wrists joined by a length of chain behind her back long enough that, with difficulty she might be able to do a few things for herself. But Bonnie was still imprisoned so that Susan was still Mistress of the situation.

Again she knew the strange indefinable feeling of pleasure at being bound and helpless, as Susan worked her will with her. But she was very angry. She turned toward her and said: "Now, look here, Susan . . ."

A stinging slap on the side of Bonnie's face caught the poor girl unaware. Susan was strong and it hurt.



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"I told you not to call me Susan! Call me Mistress." Her voice was imperious. "After you are fed, I will put you in a rubber and chain bondage until you are ready to obey me and do as I bid you to!"

Susan slapped Bonnie expertly on the other side of her face. She tried to raise her hands to defend herself. But the chain would now allow this. Bonnie tried to step back away from Susan's punishing fingers and stinging palm, but the hobble restrained her steps so that she easily followed Susan, whose lithe arm flashed one stinging painful slap after another on Bonnie's unprotected face and shoulders.

Unhappily Bonnie realized that there could be but one end to this unequal contest and she capitulated, saying:-

"Yes, Mistress."

"That's better, Bonnie." Susan's voice was pleased. "You'll learn. You will, you know! Even though you don't think so right now. You may even come to not hate me quite so much as you think you do now."

"Unchain me and I will forgive you," said Bonnie in a last minute hopeful plea to Susan.



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Again the painful accurate slash of Susan's palm across Bonnie's cheek. "I warned you!" Her voice was ominous. "Now say that you are sorry, go ahead!"

"I'm sorry, Mistress," Bonnie said abjectedly. She had a feeling now that she had just learned her first lesson. She writhed inwardly at the humiliation of being chained and slapped by this girl ward of hers. This was a Susan that she had not known before.

Susan led her to another room, matching her free strides to Bonnie's slow hobbled progress. There Susan had prepared supper on a small table at which she sat beside Bonnie and teased her as she fed her in her helplessness.

Bonnie yearned to grab Susan and shake this taunting mood out of her. But quietly testing the meager freedom her chains allowed her, Bonnie knew very well that she was helpless. Despite herself, Bonnie began to survey a situation in which she saw herself as a slave to Susan's whim. Active as her mind was on possibilities of escape, she could see no hope anywhere. Susan had her in her power and there was no way out of it.



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After supper and a wash, Susan gaily led Bonnie to another room. A rubber costume was hanging on the wall and Susan ordered:-

"Get into that costume." But Bonnie hesitated in dismay at putting on this all-rubber outfit. But a couple of vicious slaps ended her momentary hesitation. Abjectedly, she lowered herself and with much difficulty with her chains, managed to insert herself inside the confining rubber outfit.

When Bonnie finally managed to squeeze her body into the rubber costume, Susan then bound her body with chains. The chains held Bonnie so fast that she could hardly move a muscle. A rubber discipline helmet over Bonnie's head completed the bondage outfit.

There was the snap of a padlock. When Susan was finished, Bonnie was locked in a metal collar that was fastened by short links to the chains on her body.

"I couldn't get out of here even if my hands and feet were free," thought Bonnie to herself unhappily.

"You have to be punished," Susan's voice taunted Bonnie. "All these chains I have on you



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and this nice little room in which you are going to spend the night are good for your morale. Each one makes you a little more helpless. In the morning I think that you will be quite humble."

"It will be terribly uncomfortable, I know," Susan continued. "You'll wish you could get out. But you won't be able to. I hold all the keys. Now, if you just resign yourself to something you can't do a thing about, maybe you can sleep quietly and then after breakfast tomorrow I'll fasten you up in a quite different way."

Bonnie had never felt so helpless or so humiliated in her life before. She could move very little. She tried to jerk away from her punishing chains but pain was her only reward. Once more she found herself yielding to the will of this girl ward of hers. No matter how Bonnie writhed and strained, the chains did not give and her rubber constricting garments made her all the more uncomfortable as she strained at her bonds.

Then the closing of the door and the slamming of the bolt with all its promise of a lonely and uncomfortable sojourn in chains in her cramped position through the hours of darkness.



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After a few tentative efforts to ease herself as best her bonds would allow, Bonnie resigned herself to the inevitable. She had never been so glad about anything in her life as she was the next morning, when her jailer unlocked the door of the room and removed the collar about her neck and dragged her from the room.

Bonnie was so stiff that she actually was glad of Susan's hands helping her to her feet. Susan was kindness itself through breakfast. But she would not give Bonnie an inch of freedom. Bonnie's hands and feet remained chained.

Susan fed her again and washed her face but then she changed her attitude and became her Mistress once again. She bound Bonnie with straps instead of chains and let Bonnie rest on a bed, still bound in rubber, while Susan made further preparations.

"Do you begin to get an inkling of the spot that you're in? Chained the way you are, I can do anything I like with you," said Susan. This rough handling of her person by Susan's competent ingenuity did indeed give poor Bonnie food for thought. She had been sustaining her courage and her dignity up to now with the



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thought that sooner or later Susan was bound to slip up and give Bonnie a chance to grab her and force her to free her.

Now, she was not so sure. Bonnie's doubts were further enhanced by Susan's next move. Susan began removing the hot rubber suit, much to Bonnie's relief. However, Susan substituted a warm bathing suit in its place and began to change Bonnie's bondage on the bed. Quietly and competently and quite ruthlessly, Susan went to work with the cord.

Bonnie's ankles, knees and waist were circled many times with the soft white stricures. Always when the thin rope had been drawn tight, Susan would clinch the binding by passing a cinch round the bonds themselves and drawing them extremely tight.

Susan took her time, humming a gay little tune, as her deft strong fingers tugged and pulled. When Susan rose to her feet, Bonnie found that from the waist down she could not move an inch. Susan stood in front of Bonnie and examined her handiwork pensively.

"I rather like the effect," she said, evidently enjoying Bonnie's fresh discomfiture. "But, of course, I'm not through with you yet."



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"But when I'm through with you, you'll be a lot sorrier. Let's try binding you somewhat differently, as I want you to give me permission to marry Art as soon as possible." Bonnie caught the message in her voice.

Bonnie was not sure whether Susan was pleased with her humility or sorry that Bonnie was still reluctant to capitulate to Susan's wishes. In this mood Susan was an enigma. It was evident that she was now examining her captive with a view to further restraint on such small movement as was now left to her.

Susan darted behind the bed. A moment later cords were slipped over Bonnie's shoulders and under her wrist, crossed behind her back and drawn behind the bed. Susan must have used all her strength then, for they were drawn wickedly tight so that Bonnie's shoulders were strained back against the backboard of the bed, the cords biting into her soft flesh.

By these two loops of cord so cunningly tied, the rest of her person had been robbed of movement. Her shoulders were wracked back so far and the strictures bit so painfully that Bonnie knew it would be useless to struggle against them.



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Then Susan added a head harness gag which she attached with more rope to a stick entwined with the ankle bondage. But Susan was still not satisfied. She evidently deemed that Bonnie's wrist ropes allowed more movement than she was prepared to give her.

Viciously, Susan tied them immovably to the stick, then, circling her hands many times with the soft rope, she drew them closer and closer together behind the back until a muffled gasp of pain escaping from her victim's clenched lips told her that she had gone far enough now.

One neat and final knot completed Bonnie's painful immobility. Susan slipped into view again, pulling a chair into position, lolling in it happily, surveying her handiwork.

"I like it," Susan said simply. "But I still think this is not my masterpiece. I know it hurts a lot." Susan's voice was pleased and assured. It held that hint of hidden laughter and unspoken things that left Bonnie wondering.

"I mean it to hurt you. If it didn't hurt, you would just stand there with all your pride intact and injured dignity oozing from every pore," she continued.



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"This way you would want to get loose," Susan said. "All the time it hurts you'll know that it was me who made it hurt, and you'll know that the only way you can ever get loose and stop hurting is to please me and do exactly what I tell you to do. Each one of those cords digging into you will help you become obedient and you will then permit me to marry whom I please."

Bonnie's mind worked furiously, but she could find no loophole of escape. Nor could she conjure up any verbal appeal by which she might dissuade this new and strangely compelling Susan from whatever course or purpose she seemed determined to subject him to.

Bonnie was uneasily aware, also, of an ache and pain in every part of her body. But even as she strained impotently against the cords that Susan's deft fingers had prisoned and hurt her with, she knew that she did it because of her love for her boyfriend Art.

Was it possible that Art might even love Susan more for herself rather than the money? Feeling the bite of the cords that Susan had bound her with made Bonnie groan inwardly with pain.



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But anger thrust all other thoughts aside. It was a burning humiliation this girl had trapped Bonnie into. Bonnie had a mental picture of Susan firmly held across her knees, while she used her palm or hairbrush where it would do most good.

"You are just dreaming," Bonnie said, laughing. "You just haven't a hope in the world." Angrily Bonnie realized that Susan had read her thoughts.

After Bonnie had suffered in silence for a while, Susan had Bonnie put in the boot and slacks costume and Susan took her back to the dungeon-like room for further punishment. She just had to break Bonnie's will so that Bonnie would be glad to give her the needed permission of a guardian before the under-age girl could marry the man she loved.

Only by subjecting Bonnie to grueling and arduous stringent bondage could Susan get Bonnie to withdraw her objections to Susan marrying Art. Back in the disciplinary room, Susan began several new back-breaking bondage on Bonnie in order to force her to agree to Susan's terms. She made Bonnie lie on her back while she raised Bonnie's body off the ground by means



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of ropes run through a pulley arrangement. This was quite rough on Bonnie but she still refused to withdraw her objections to the marriage of Susan and Art. When this touch bondage position failed, then Susan changed Bonnie's bondage to a more stringent position.

Susan bound Bonnie with her hands between her thighs, affixed to a ringbolt in the floor. Bonnie's legs were raised and separate loops around her boots were attached to other steel rings on the concrete wall.

This most uncomfortable position still did not break Bonnie's strong will not to accede to Susan's wishes and agree to Susan's marriage to Art. Susan was furious at Bonnie's endurance and strong will and she angrily slapped Bonnie, but to no avail.

Then Susan built a bondage apparatus which she was sure would make Bonnie capitulate to her will. Susan bolted a cross-stick on a wooden beam and another about four feet higher above the first cross-stick, onto which she bound Bonnie's wrists in a spread-eagled position. Poor hapless Bonnie had to sit on the cross-piece in tight stringent bondage and could not be sure how long she could endure this.







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Still Bonnie stubbornly held out and the infuriated Susan then made Bonnie's bondage still more drastic. Susan was afraid that her boyfriend's ardor may cool off before she could obtain Bonnie's permission for them to get married, which made Susan all the more anxious to break Bonnie's will as soon as possible.

She then made Bonnie hang suspended in tight bondage from the cross-stick apparatus. This put a tremendous strain on her unfortunate guardian's hands. Bonnie had to bear most of the weight of her own body on her arms in this new severe and grueling bondage position.

This was a strenuous strain on both the apparatus as well as on Bonnie's body. Susan left Bonnie in this strained position, while she went to telephone her lover boyfriend that her guardian, Bonnie, would soon be willing to agree to her marriage to him.

It was a very long telephone conversation and it proved to be Susan's undoing and it turned out much to Susan's dismay and chagrin. While Susan was away talking on the telephone to Art, Bonnie was struggling and straining with all her might on the cross-sticks to break free.







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Her frantic struggles proved successful for the strain of Bonnie's weight and furious wriggling and squirming made the top cross-stick bar work loose and this bar held Bonnie's wrists and arms. Hastily, Bonnie removed the bondage on her hands and frantically began working on the ropes which still held her feet fast to the wooden beam.

Susan had planned to meet Art downtown and as it was raining, she had donned a rubber raincoat and rubber boots to go out. She had told Art that she was going to have a final try at making her guardian, Bonnie, change her mind about their marriage plans, and that if she could not meet Art, then it meant that Susan had failed to sway Bonnie.

This meant that the marriage, of course, would be put off until Bonnie and Susan returned to the city from their long planned month's vacation. Bonnie, in the meanwhile, had worked her way free and heard the last part of Susan's telephone conversation with Art. Bonnie then determined to bind Susan up and hold her in the house until Art would leave the city in discouragement and belief that Susan did not get the permission and had gone away on a vacation with her guardian.







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Bonnie leaped upon the unsuspecting Susan and after a fast and furious struggle, managed to subdue Susan. Now it was Bonnie's turn to gloat at her captive ward.

Susan lay quietly in a corner, bound tightly in her rubber boots and raincoat, glaring with anger at her captor. Bonnie helped Susan off the floor and bound her to a chair in a corner near a mirror. There Susan could turn her head and see herself tightly bound in the mirror.

It was a most bitter pill for the bound and gagged girl to swallow as Bonnie taunted her for being so careless. Susan's ankles were bound securely and even her legs were tied below the knees as an extra precaution. A gag in Susan's mouth made speech difficult and muffled.

Now it was Bonnie's turn to change her mind about Susan's bondage. This time Bonnie decided to bind Susan, still in her rubber raincoat and boots, to a nearby wooden bench. Bonnie changed the gag also over Susan's mouth and tied Susan's wrists below the the bench, so that Susan could only wriggle her fingers now. All this came about so suddenly for Susan that she did not know what to expect next.







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Bonnie left Susan tied up in this fashion until supper time and later, when the impatient boyfriend, Art, telephone the house, Bonnie told him that she still refused to allow Susan to get married.

Bonnie also told Art that she was leaving with Susan that same evening and not to call again, as all the servants had been let go for the duration of the vacation trip. This disposed of Art satisfactorily and now Bonnie once again turned her attentions back to Susan.

Later after supper, Bonnie once again changed Susan's bondage, this time making some variation. She used a darker rubber raincoat in place of the lighter raincoat, so that the white ropes could show up better against the darker rubber material.

Susan submitted unwillingly to this humiliation, since there was nothing much else that she could do in her helpless state. Susan was very down-hearted when Bonnie teased her and told her that she had informed Art that she and Susan were going away for a long vacation and not to call any more. Thereupon, Susan tried to kick Bonnie with her bound feet, encased in rubber boots.





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In retaliation for this, Bonnie tied Susan over a hassock and gave her a few good whacks on her buttocks. Susan did not like this treatment of being spanked like an unruly child and she showed her ire and fury by glaring helplessly at her captor.

Bonnie was enjoying Susan's expressions of shame and humiliation, as she was now repaying Susan in kind for her former harsh treatment of Bonnie when Bonnie was in Susan's unmerciful power. However, Bonnie was not as rough on Susan as Susan had been on herself. Bonnie after a while relented and changed Susan's bondage on the hassock to a less uncomfortable position on the hassock.

Susan did not seem to appreciate this touch of kindness on Bonnie's part and only glared in anger at Bonnie for frustrating her plans. Her uncomfortable tight bondage did not help her angry frustrated mood.

Right now, Susan would have gladly given away her vast fortune just to lay her hands on her obstinate captor and guardian. It was getting late now and Bonnie decided to put Susan to bed for the night, still clad in the black rubber boots and raincoat.





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Bonnie shoved Susan down hard on the bed, where began threshing around in a fierce and frantic struggle to loosen her bonds. She rolled all over the bed before Bonnie could stoll her in order to tie more bondage ropes on Susan to tame her down.

Finally, Bonnie managed to make Susan lie still enough to permit Bonnie to bind Susan's thighs, ankles and arms securely. This put a stop to Susan's twisting and turning. Bonnie changed Susan's gag the next morning and asked her if she would behave herself and go away quietly with her on the planned vacation, forgetting about Art. Seeing that Susan was still stubborn and since Bonnie had to go out to buy food, she took Susan to a servant's room in the basement and left her tied to the iron bed backboard.

When Bonnie returned hours later, Susan agreed to go away with Bonnie, forgetting Art. At the vacation resort where they stayed, Susan met another boy, whom she liked better than Art and of whom Bonnie approved and was willing to let Susan get married to him.

THE END

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